



Farmington Avenue,  
Hartford.

Dec. 18.

My Dear Aldrich:

I read the Cloth of Gold Through, coming down in the cars, & it is just lightning poetry — a thing which it grieved me to say because my own efforts in that line have remained so persistently unrecognized, in consequence of the envy & jealousy of this genera-

tion. Baby Bell always  
seemed perfection, before,  
but now that I have chil-  
dren it has got even be-  
yond that. About the  
hour that I was read-  
ing it in the cars, Twich-  
ell was reading it at  
home & forthwith fell  
upon me with a burst  
of enthusiasm about  
it when I saw him.  
This was pleasant, be-  
cause he has long been  
a lover of it.

"Thos. Bailey Aldrich  
responded" etc., "in one

of the brightest speeches  
of the Evening."

That is what The Fri-  
lune Correspondent  
says. And that is what  
everybody that heard it  
said! Therefore, you keep  
still. Don't ever be so ~~wise~~  
unwise as to go on trying  
to unconvince these  
people.

I've been skating a-  
round the place all  
day with some girls,  
with Mrs. Clement in the  
window to do the applause.  
There would be a power  
of fun in skating if you  
could do it with some-  
body else's muscles. -  
There are about twenty  
boys booming by the house  
now, & it is mighty good to  
look at.



I am keeping you in  
mind you see, in the matter  
of photographs. I have a  
couple to enclose in this  
letter & I want you to say  
you got them & then I shall  
know I have been a good,  
truthful child.

I am going to send  
more, as I ferret them  
out, about the place. —  
And I won't forget that  
you are a "Subscriber."

Our wife & I unite  
in warm regards to  
you & Mrs. Aldrich.

Yours Ever

Edw. Clemens